

## Pulling Punches

David Sylvian

If heaven watches over me  
Sowing seeds back in the soil  
With eyes that see, hands that feel  
Why am I the last to know

Sheltered lives spent partially breathing  
Are gathered together under new religion

Pulling punches, sleeping on our feet  
Pulling punches, I needed someone to comfort me  
Raised in summer days of splendour  
Who would've dreamed of love never ending?

A better world lies in front of me  
A sketch of life in the books I read  
Then as I walk where heaven leads  
Why am I the last to know?

Simple lives spent partially breathing  
Are gathered together under new religion

Pulling punches, sleeping on our feet  
Pulling punches, I needed someone to comfort me  
Raised in summer days of splendour  
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Nature feeds this nausea  
Deep inside the heart of me